

# FINAL RESULTS EDITION

## PRICE ONE CENT. HIGHWAYMAN CAUGHT AFTER BIG ROBBERY

Pietro Pennino, time clerk for Contractor M. Tichler, was carrying \$2,900 in a satchel on East One Hundred and Fifth street this afternoon when he was knocked down and robbed at Second avenue. The robber was caught at Third Avenue and One Hundred and Seventh Street, still holding the money. He was Wolf Parker, of No. 161 East One Hundred and Third street.

### LATE NEW ORLEANS RESULTS.

Third—Mollie Montrose 7-10. Notasuga 3-1 pl. Coincident Fourth—Alma Dufour 2-5. Margi Aigot 8-5 place. Only 11.

## BEST RACING OF THE WEEK AT NEW ORLEANS

Heaslip Cup, a Two-Mile Race, Brings Out Good Attendance.

### NEW ORLEANS RESULTS.

FIRST RACE—Polly Prim (5 to 5 and 3 to 5), Lemon Girl (4 to 5 for place), Nellie Burn 3.

SECOND RACE—Henry A. Schroe (13 to 1 and 6 to 1), Arabo (2 to 1 for place), Gould 3.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 9.—The best card of the week was on offer at City Park today. The weather changed for the better also and the sun shone out warm and bright. The track was in excellent condition and everything favored a good day's sport. The Heaslip Cup, a two-mile race, was the feature. Among the entries were Alma Dufour, Arthur Cummer, Mable Aigot, Cashier and other good long-distance performers.

A cracking good field of sprinters are carded in the fifth race, including Emerson, Lens, Paddy, Monday Breeze, Sir Tothington, Toboggan and Orbicular. The other races are very interesting and promise well. The long distance run drew out a large attendance and there was a full line of books in on the ring. The betting was brisk.

FIRST RACE—One mile. Stz. 1.1. Horse, weight, jockey, Str. 1.1. Polly Prim, 107, J. Hennessy, 8.5. Lemon Girl, 108, L. Lewis, 8.2. Nellie Burn, 109, Mr. Murphy, 10. Orient, 106, W. McQuinn, 14. Biscuits Belle, 100, Pickett, 15. Leche MacFarlan, 100, Heider, 8.5. Lady Charade, 101, C. Morris, 23.10. Morris, 104, Pickett, 60. Margaret, 101, J. Hennessy, 10.10. Fete, 100, Wether, 20.20. Hesperia, 104, Pickett, 20.8. Critter, 104, Pickett, 20.8. Polly Prim made all the running and won easily by a length from Lemon Girl, who was second all the way. Lemon Girl was three lengths in front of Nellie Burn.

SECOND RACE—Steeplechase, full course. Horse, weight, jockey, Str. 1.1. Henry A. Schroe, 120, Pollok, 15. Arabo, 141, Hagan, 15.10. Gould, 124, McQuinn, 15.10. Aule, 112, Hagan, 15.10. Critter, 104, Pickett, 20.8. Orthodox, 120, Archibald, 8.5. Prince James, 124, Port, 15.10. Ben Stormer, 124, Henry, 15.10.

## NOT A POOLROOM OPEN IN THIS COUNTY.

You'll laugh. There isn't a poolroom open in New York County. This announcement was made today by District Attorney Jerome on reports from Commissioner Bingham. The General turned over Record No. 84, compiled from the reports transmitted and received by inspectors who received them from precinct captains. Record No. 84 shows that there is not a suspected poolroom in the county. Nothing said about unsuspicious places. We will now read and sing the Doxology.

## PASSENGERS IN HARLEM RAILROAD COLLISION.

DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., Feb. 9.—The north-bound New York and North Adams express on the Harlem division of the New York Central collided with a freight train at Dover Plains today. One passenger is reported slightly injured. The wreck was not a particularly serious one, as the express was reducing speed to make a regular stop at Dover Plains at the time. The two trains met head on, but owing to the reduced speed the shock of the collision was not heavy. None of the rolling stock, with the exception of the tender of the passenger locomotive, left the track. Both engines were disabled, however, and traffic on the road was blocked. The passengers were brought here.

# The EVENING EDITION

"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.

# The World. FINAL RESULTS EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

## \$5,000 REWARD FOR SENDERS OF FATAL BOMB

Paterson Business Men Seek the Assassins of Justice Cortese.

ANARCHIST SUSPECTED. Infernal Machine Weighed 40 Pounds and Would Have Destroyed Ship.

A reward of \$5,000 for the capture of the Black-Hand workers or anarchists who sent the forty-pound bomb which killed Justice of the Peace Robert Cortese, of Paterson, N. J., was proposed late this afternoon by prominent business men and officials of that city.

Justice Cortese was a victim of the hatred of the criminals of his own race. He had worked for many years in aiding the police until the bomb arrived by express yesterday, mortally wounding him and severely injuring his twelve-year-old son Furry. He leaves a widow and eight children and, as the realization of their loss began to be appreciated, today, citizens talked of awarding a pension to the family. This will be brought up at the next meeting of the Board of Aldermen.

While the talk of money measures was being made the police seemed to be entirely in the dark this afternoon. Justice Cortese before he died managed to make a statement as to the persons he suspected of sending the bomb. There were so many desperate criminals and enemies of society who hated and feared him that the statement has so far been of little use, since any one of a dozen might have sought to bring about his death. Chief of Police Elmsom was hopeful, however, and said this afternoon that all his detectives are at work in Paterson and neighboring cities.

Fields of Investigation. Two promising fields for investigation were laid open within a few hours after the assassination. The first concerns an affair in which Judge Cortese was interested a few months ago. An Italian boy in Paterson, at the instigation of two men, robbed his father of \$1,200 and fled. Judge Cortese at the request of the Chief of Police of Paterson, traced the boy to Pennsylvania and arrested him. The men escaped. The boy was sent to prison for fifteen years. Judge Cortese, it is understood, had a line on the two men and was about to cause their arrest.

Delivery of the Bomb. Raphael was alone in the office yesterday afternoon when a messenger from the office of the United States Express Company entered and dropped a heavy package on the floor. It had been sent to Judge Cortese from Newark and the charges were prepaid. Young Cortese signed for it and kicked it under the desk.

When the Judge got home at 6:30 o'clock, Raphael told him there was a heavy package for him at the office. Accompanied by Little Furry, the Judge went around to No. 21 Passaic street, lit the gas and dragged the package to the light.

In the simplicity of the infernal machine lay its devilish effectiveness. Judge Cortese caught hold of the loose end of the strap and gave it a sharp pull, in order to release the tongue of the buckle. The strap was connected with a fulminate of mercury cap on the inside of the box.

Blown Up by Bomb. There was a flash and a roar and the earth shook for blocks around the walls of the room crumbled in. The floor, yielding to the explosive force of the infernal charge of dynamite, was blown into the cellar. All the furniture dropped with it and Judge Cortese and his son went down off the Creckage.

The Judge was lifted from the cellar and carried to the street. His left leg broke at the knee, his back was broken—he was blown to pieces, but he was alive.

# EVELYN THAW TOLD TRUTH ABOUT WHITE, SAYS ANTHONY COMSTOCK

Head of Society for Suppression of Vice Bears Out the Dramatic Testimony Given by Her on the Witness Stand.

## AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW FOR THE EVENING WORLD.

Declares Thaw Told Him a Year Before the Tragedy of White's Character and He Found One Clear Case Against the Architect.

Anthony Comstock, lying dangerously ill of pneumonia at his home in Summit, N. J., this afternoon gave to an Evening World reporter an authorized interview, which is one of the most important contributions to the history of the Thaw case that has yet been furnished, with the exception of Evelyn Nesbit Thaw's own wonderful story told under oath on the stand in the trial of her husband for the murder of Stanford White.

"I know that Stanford White was a human monster," said the invalid head of the Anti-Vice Society. "I know that much of what Mrs. Harry Thaw has stated as a witness is true. I know that Stanford White's den in the tower of Madison Square Garden was as she has described it. I know that White made a business of ruining young girls. I know of at least one specific instance. And what I know I learned after I had been given the first clues by Harry Kendall Thaw himself."

VALUABLE AID TO THAW. To the reporter he said: "My first knowledge of this case dates from the summer of 1905—about a year before the killing. I should say. One afternoon a tall, well-dressed, well-bred young man came to me in my office in the Temple Bar Building. He seemed to be laboring under excitement, and it was evident that he was desperately in earnest. He opened the conversation by asking me if I was interested in the suppression of vice. Then he wanted to know if my society gave special attention to the arrest and punishment of men who preyed upon the chastity of young girls. I told him that we did. He jumped up abruptly, said he would see me again and left without telling me his name. At the door he stopped long enough to say he would see me again.

A few days later he came back. This time he seemed more at ease, but he was still laboring under strong emotions, as I could see very plainly. He now introduced himself. As nearly as I recall, he said:

THAW'S REMARKABLE STORY. "I am Harry Kendall Thaw, of Pittsburg. You may have heard of me? I want to tell you of a man who has ruined more young girls than any man in New York. He is particularly given to pursuing the young girls of the stage. It is a debt which society owes to itself to halt him now, before he brings shame and sorrow to any more victims.

"HE HAS COME IN MY OWN LIFE IN SUCH A WAY THAT I DESIRE ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE TO SEE HIS PRACTICES STOPPED IN ORDER THAT OTHERS MAY BE SPARED THE SUFFERING HE HAS BROUGHT UPON ME AND MINE. HIS NAME IS STANFORD WHITE. HE IS AN ARCHITECT AND HE HAS AN INFAMOUS DEN IN THE TOWER OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN."

"That in effect was his statement," continued Mr. Comstock, "although of course I asked him a great deal more of the matter. He left after securing my promise to investigate. He agreed to pay the cost of looking into the case. He at once mailed me a check of sufficient size to defray the necessary expenses, and subsequently wrote me several times upon the subject of White, asking each time what progress we were making."

INVESTIGATION PROVED IT TRUE. "Our investigation confirmed to a great degree what Thaw had told me. Our detectives were astounded at what they discovered. We worked hard and I learned a great deal, but of all cases these are the hardest to prove under the rules of evidence, and before risking an arrest I determined to catch White redhanded in his iniquity.

"I learned that his rooms in the tower were as Mrs. Evelyn Thaw has described them in the trial. Two of our detectives endeavored to hire rooms in the same tower in order to watch his goings and comings. The deal was almost completed when one of the detectives made a bungle. Something which he said or did gave the alarm to the janitor, and although we were on the waiting list for a long time, and although several times apartments in the tower were vacant, we were never able to secure a suite or a single room. We were still vainly trying to arrange a trap from which there would be no escape for White when he dismantled his room in the tower.

## MRS. HARRY THAW AS A MEMBER OF THE "FLORODORA" CHORUS

Posed for CHARLES CURTIS of The Evening World Photographing Staff



he shot White. He appeared to be in a desperate state—like a man who is well nigh frantic. He said to me wildly: "YOU MUST KEEP ON! YOU MUST STOP THIS MAN! HE MUST BE STOPPED NOW AT ONCE!"

"I will willingly sign a statement to the truth of all that I have told you, and were I well enough I would swear to it in court if I were asked to do so."

## Harry Thaw to Go on the Stand in Own Defense

The culminating sensation in the trial of Harry Thaw will be furnished by Harry Thaw, who, it was announced, will be put on the witness-stand in his own defense.

Even the soul-baring story which his wife has told of her betrayal at the hands of the man Harry Thaw slew, it is now predicted, will be eclipsed in dramatic development and depths of self-analysis by the testimony of the defendant himself. For he will swear that from the hour of his first proposal of marriage, when Evelyn Nesbit sobbed out to him her shameful confession, he had been tortured by visions which came to him by day and by night, in the Broadway cafes as well as in his double-locked bedroom—visions which bore to him the warning that unless he killed Stanford White his wife's life would be taken by slow poison.

Now it is plain why all along the defense has attached such deep importance to the seemingly meaningless exclamation of Harry Thaw when he killed his wife five seconds after he had shot Stanford White on the Madison Square Garden, and cried out to her: "It's all right, dearie, I have probably saved your life!"

## WOMAN FOUND DEAD IN HER BURNING FLAT

Mrs. Sanders's Dress Caught Fire and Neighbors Arrived Too Late.

"Eddie" Sanders, the old newsdealer who sells papers in front of Churchill's restaurant, left his flat in the rear building at No. 45 West Forty-first street this afternoon to buy some supplies for lunch. His wife Laura, fifty-seven years old, was making tea when he went out. What happened after that is only to be conjectured, but it is supposed that Mrs. Sanders's clothes caught fire at the gas stove. When smoke began pouring into the hall, the neighbors rushed down to the Sanders's flat. The first to arrive was Mrs. Katie Heller, who tried to open the door and find it locked by a dead catch, burst it in. As she darted in through the smoke, she tripped over something near the door and without stopping reached the window and opened it. As the smoke cleared she saw the body was that of Mrs. Sanders. The hair was ablaze and Mrs. Heller dashed a basin of water on the woman's head. Mrs. Sanders was dead. The firemen who arrived in response to the alarm sent on the discovery of fire had no work to do. The Coroner's office was notified.

(Continued on Second Page.)